

KONAMI



# SILENT HILL

PAINT IT BLACK



SCOTT  
CIENCIN  
SHAUN  
THOMAS



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JESUS,  
IKE, ALL YOU  
EVER THINK ABOUT IS  
*YOURSELF*. I LET YOU  
CRASH HERE BECAUSE I  
FIGURED YOU DIDN'T HAVE  
ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO, YOU  
JUST NEEDED SOME TIME TO  
GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER.  
AND FOR *MONTHS* YOU'VE  
JUST BEEN SITTING AROUND,  
EATING MY FOOD, NOT  
EVEN TRYING TO GET  
A JOB...

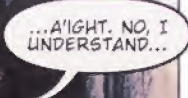
NOW I FIND OUT  
YOU'VE DONE THIS WITH  
EVERYONE. IKE, YOU'RE  
A FUCKING LEECH!

...

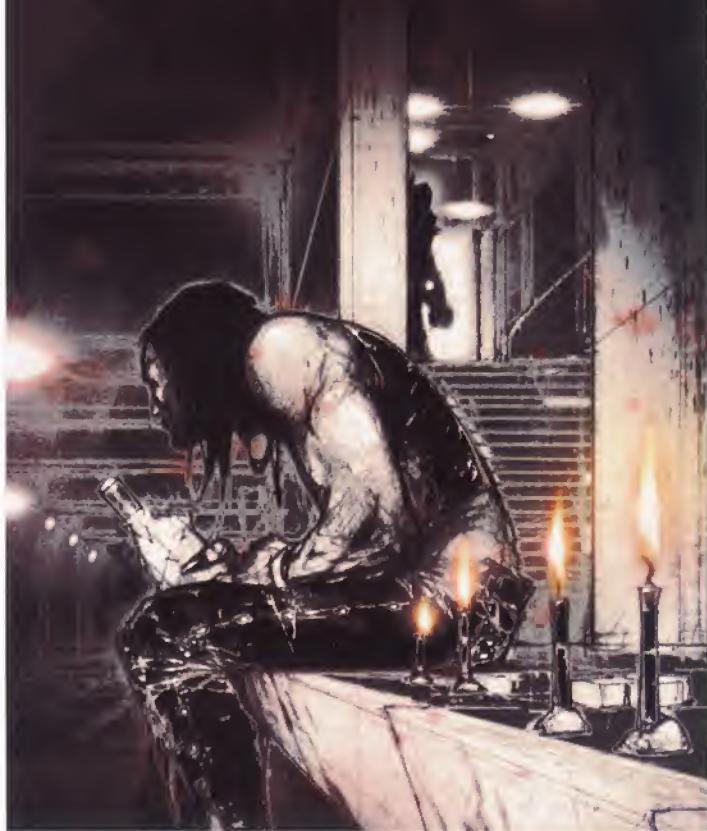
WHAT DO  
YOU WANT ME  
TO DO?















"SHADOWS... SHADOWS  
ARE ALIVE IN SILENT HILL."



"NO ONE LIVES  
THERE ANYMORE,  
BUT THERE'S STILL  
POWER AND THE  
SUPERMARKETS  
ARE STOCKED  
WITH FOOD."



"IT'S ALL JUST CHEESE  
IN A BIG MOUSE TRAP..."



"...ME AND MY BUDDY  
PHIL WERE THE MICE.  
HE LET THEM EAT HIM  
SO I COULD GET OUT..."



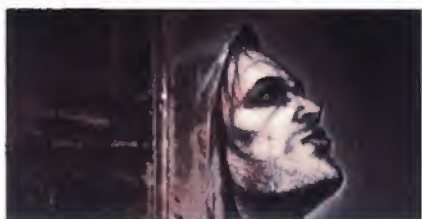
"WHATEVER YOU DO,  
DON'T GO THERE!"

YOU  
HAD ME AT  
"FOOD."

DAMN...

abandon  
all hope









THIS IS IT...

EVERYTHING I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.



SO FUCKIN' COOL...





NOW, FOR  
THOSE OF YOU  
KEEPING TRACK,  
WE ARE ENTERING  
WEEK TWO OF *IKE*  
TV, THE AWARD-  
WINNING REALITY  
TV SHOW...

...IN WHICH  
OUR HERO FINDS  
HAPPINESS, ARTISTIC  
FULFILLMENT, AND  
UNLIMITED CABLE AND  
JUNK FOOD...

...RIGHT  
HERE IN THE  
BIG OLD BAD  
TOWN OF—



GAH!

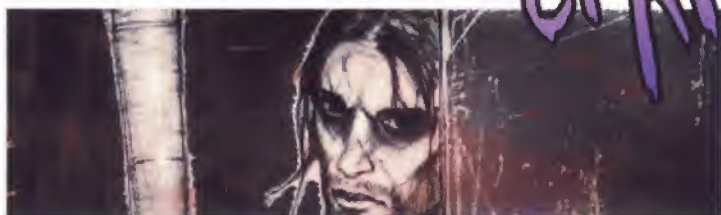


...YO...



WHEW!













SHIT, MAN...  
MUST HAVE  
PASSED OUT.



TOURIST  
DUDES, NO,  
YOU GOT IT ALL  
WRONG...

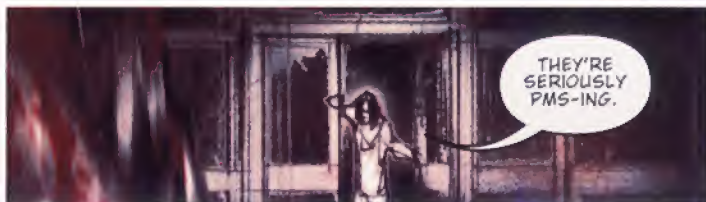


THEY'RE  
JUST DIFFERENT,  
THEY'RE -



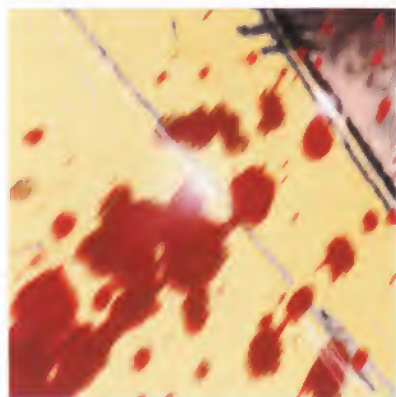
URK!

SELLTTT



THEY'RE  
SERIOUSLY  
PMS-ING.









WHAT  
THE FUCK?



SO THAT'S  
WHERE ALL MY  
PAINTINGS HAVE  
BEEN GOING  
FOR THE LAST  
SIX MONTHS...  
I'M FAMOUS...  
SHIT!

**Art Age**

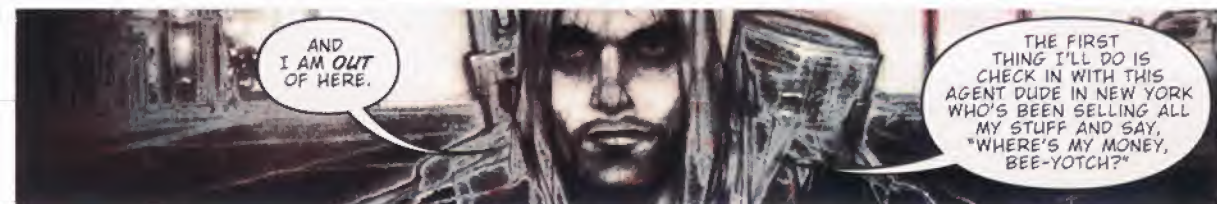
Ike Isaacs-  
The Dark Side of Genius

**MODERN ART**

Isaacs: Unpurified Genius

**ART WO**

Record Sales  
for Ike, the  
Dark Prince  
of the art world



AND  
I AM OUT  
OF HERE.

THE FIRST  
THING I'LL DO IS  
CHECK IN WITH THIS  
AGENT DUDE IN NEW YORK  
WHO'S BEEN SELLING ALL  
MY STUFF AND SAY,  
"WHERE'S MY MONEY,  
BEE-YOTCH?"



LIVE IN THE BEST  
HOTELS. ORDER ROOM  
SERVICE ALL THE TIME.  
GOURMET PIZZA WITH  
FRESH VEGGIES...

GO TO THE  
BAHAMAS, MAN,  
BE CHILLIN' WITH THE  
HONEYDOWNS THERE...  
HEAD TO GERMANY AND  
BE LIKE, IMPORTED, HELL  
NO, JUST HOSE ME  
DOWN WITH THE BREW  
Y'ALL MAKE RIGHT  
HERE, YO, AND—



HUH?





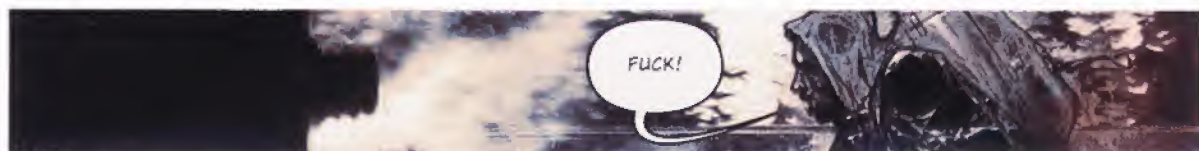
THE  
CENTER OF  
TOWN? HOW  
THE FUCK...  
FINE.



CHRIST,  
LEGS GETTING  
TIRED, NO CARS  
WANTED TO TURN  
OVER...



BACK  
HERE AGAIN?!  
COME ON!



FUCK!



-HUFF-  
-HUFF-  
ALMOST  
THERE.



THAT  
MIST... KEEPS  
RETURNING ME  
TO WHERE I'VE  
BEEN.

FUCK IT.  
TOO FAR  
ANYWAY.





AND  
HERE WE  
ARE, ONE FULL  
YEAR INTO IKE-  
TV. SO WHAT'S  
CHANGED FOR  
OLD IKE?



DON'T  
LET LOOKS  
FOOL YOU. OUR  
HERO'S BEEN  
THROUGH A LOT  
AND HE'S TAKING  
IT ONE DAY AT  
A TIME.



GOT A  
ROUTINE  
GOING. TRYING  
NEW THINGS  
WITH THE  
PAINTINGS.



AND BEING  
ALONE'S NOT  
SO BAD. YOU  
JUST LEARN TO  
IGNORE —



SO, LIKE,  
ARE YOU IN  
CHARGE HERE,  
OR WHAT?

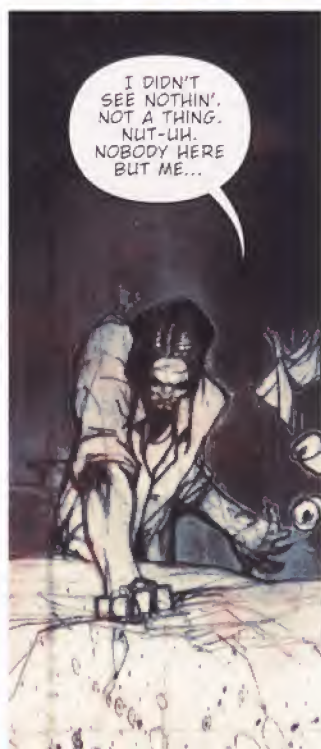
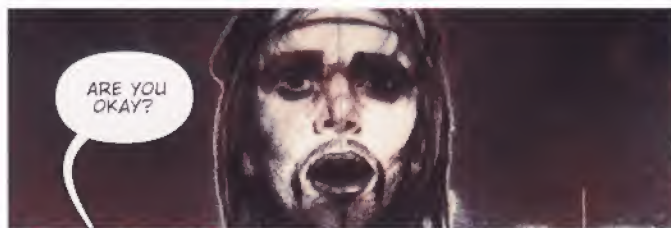




I'M CHERYL,  
BENGALS TEAM  
CAPTAIN. OUR BUS  
RAN OVER SOMETHING  
OUTSIDE OF TOWN AND  
BROKE AN AXLE. WEIRD-  
LOOKING THING, BUT  
IT'S SANDWICH MEAT  
NOW, WHATEVER  
IT WAS.







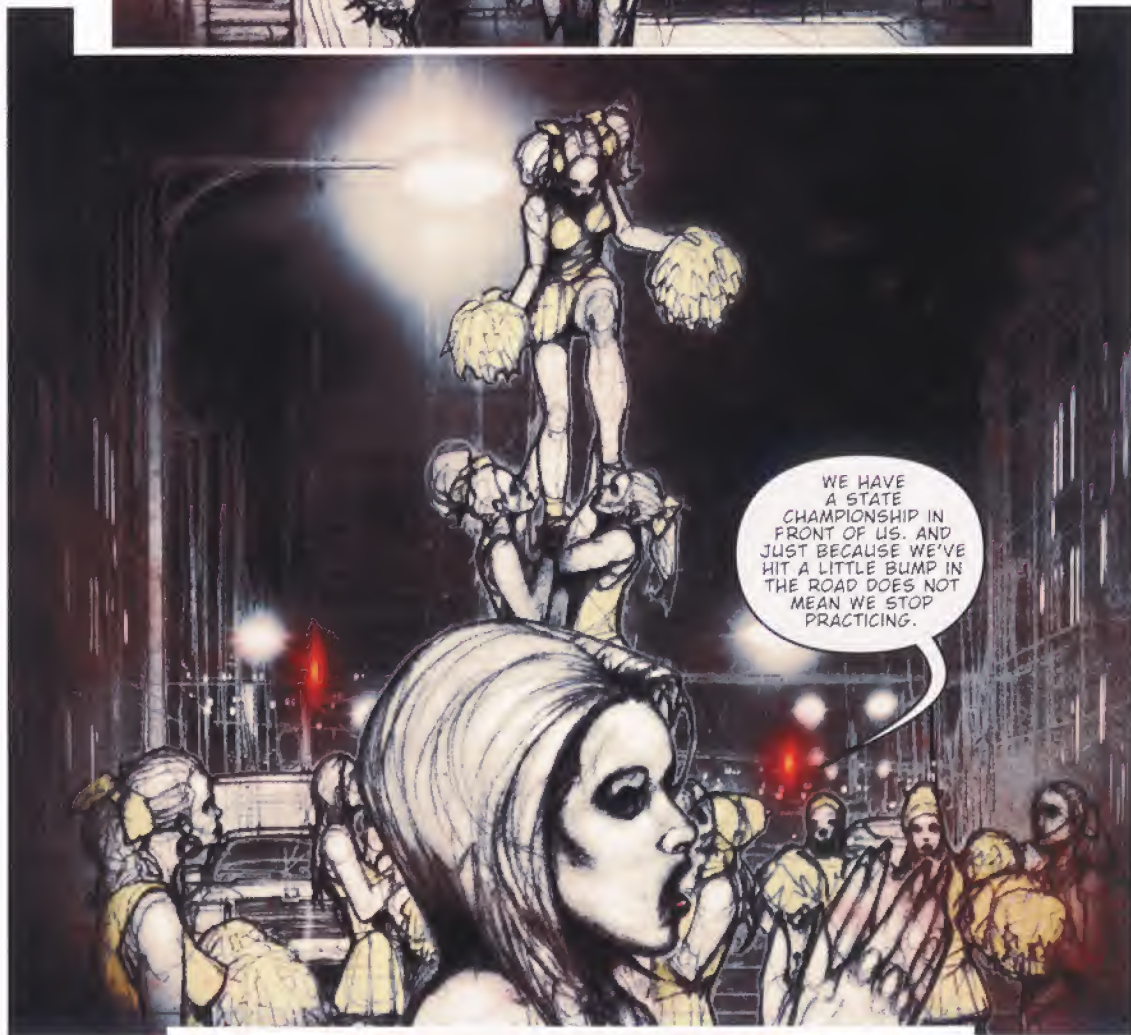




LISTEN UP,  
YOU SORRY  
BITCHES!



WHAT THE  
FUCK?



WE HAVE  
A STATE  
CHAMPIONSHIP IN  
FRONT OF US. AND  
JUST BECAUSE WE'VE  
HIT A LITTLE BUMP IN  
THE ROAD DOES NOT  
MEAN WE STOP  
PRACTICING.

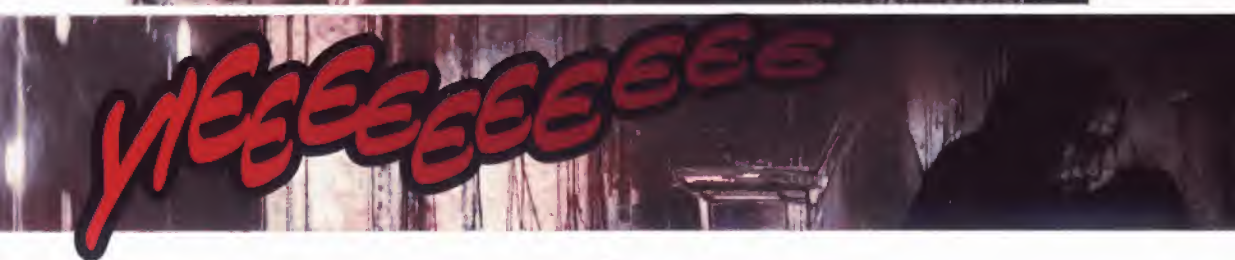
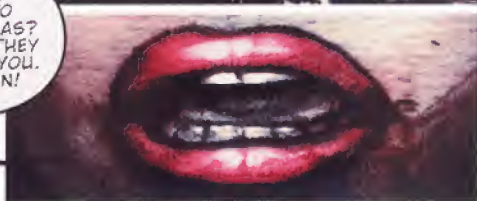
ASSES  
AND ELBOWS,  
LADIES! MOVE  
IT! WORK IT!  
**NOWWWWWWWW!!**







YA WANNA  
GO CRY TO  
YOUR MOMMAS?  
GO AHEAD! THEY  
CAN'T HEAR YOU.  
NO ONE CAN!





YAAAAAAAAAAAA

SHIT  
SHIT  
SHIT


NO MORE  
SCREAMING...

NOT  
PAINTING  
THIS. NO WAY.  
NOT...

WHAT  
THE HELL?


WHY  
DIDN'T THEY  
TAKE YOU?






HEY,  
PICKED THE  
LOCK. HOPE  
YOU DON'T  
MIND.

YOU DID...  
WHAT NOW?  
HOW—




STUPID  
RAIN. I WAS  
REALLY GETTING  
EVERYONE MOVING  
OUT THERE  
AND WE HAD TO  
CALL PRACTICE.  
COLLEGIATE  
RULES.


UH-HUH. SO  
THAT'S WHAT  
THE SCREAMING  
WAS ABOUT?



SO, I  
NEED TO ASK  
YOU... WHAT'S  
UP WITH THIS  
TOWN?



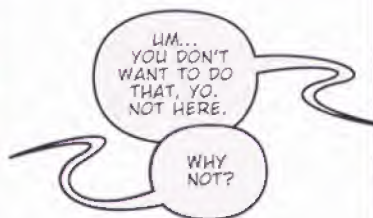
THERE'S  
ELECTRICITY,  
THERE'S CABLE...  
YOU CAN GET A DIAL  
TONE, BUT YOU CAN'T  
MAKE A CALL OUT.  
FOUND ALL THESE  
CARS WITH KEYS IN  
THEM, BUT NONE  
OF THEM WILL  
START.



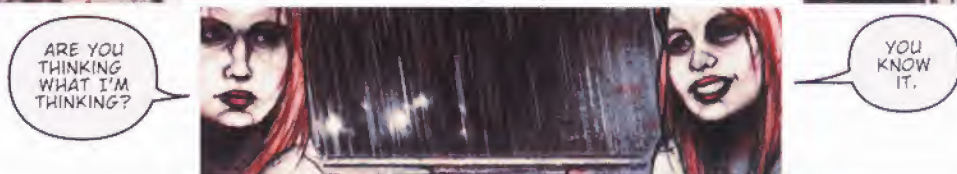
WE'VE GOT  
A COMPETITION  
AT THE END  
OF THE WEEK  
AND—

STATE TROOPER  
COMES BY EVERY COUPLE  
OF DAYS. PROBABLY BE  
HERE TOMORROW.

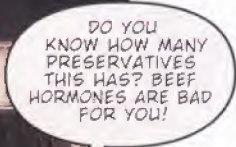
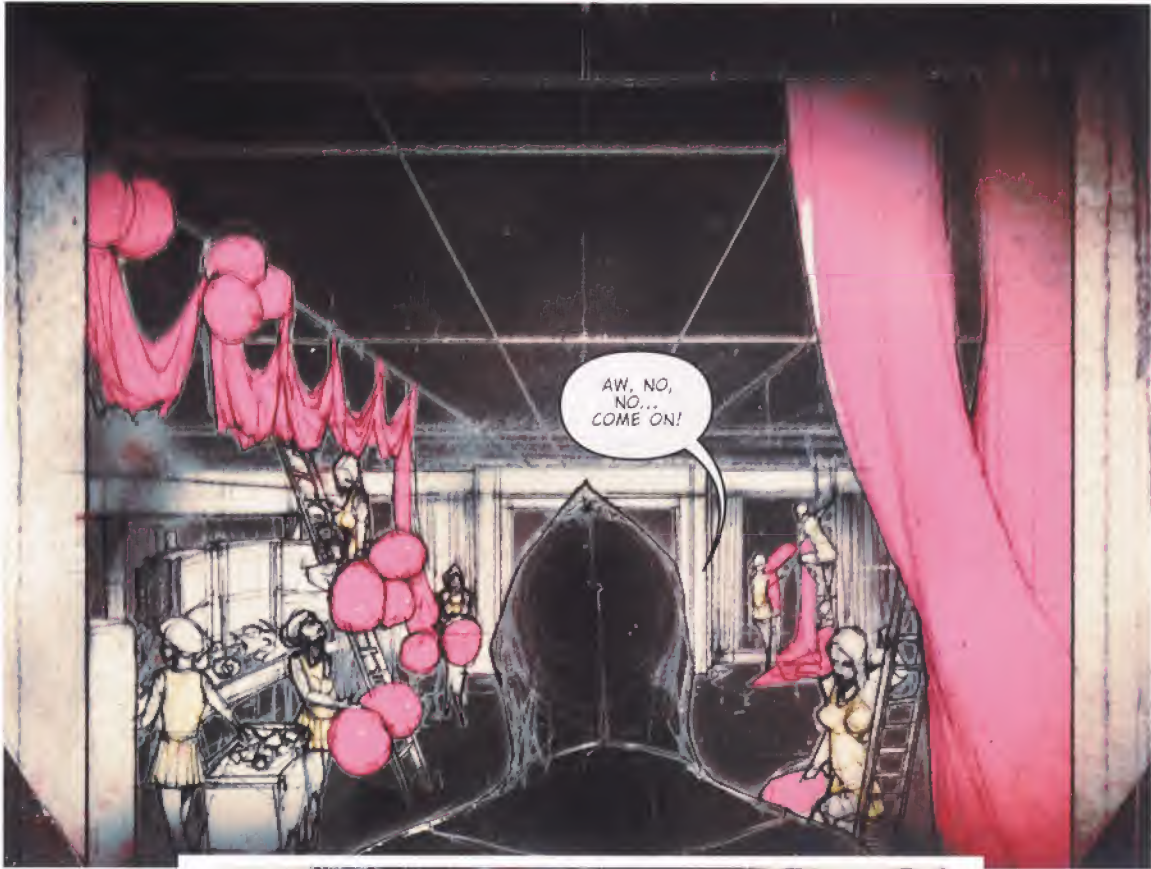
















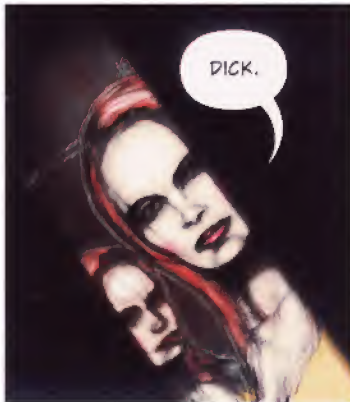
THIS *ISN'T*  
YOUR FUCKING  
PLACE! YOU CAN'T  
JUST COME IN HERE  
AND ACT LIKE YOU  
OWN IT AND DO  
WHATEVER THE  
FUCK YOU WANT  
WITH IT!



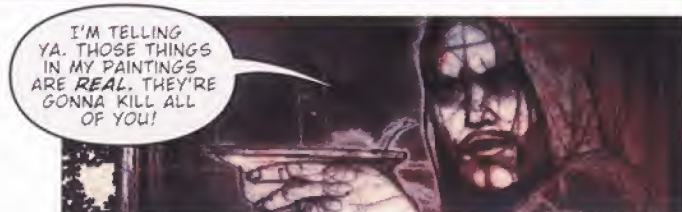
SEE, IKE? WHAT  
GOES AROUND COMES  
AROUND. YOU INVADED  
OTHER PEOPLE'S SPACE  
AND NOW WE'RE INVADING  
YOURS. AND SINCE I'M  
JUST YOUR DERANGED  
FANTASY VERSION OF THE  
REAL CHERYL, I CAN  
SAY THAT AND GET  
AWAY WITH IT.



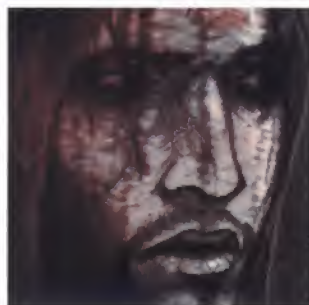




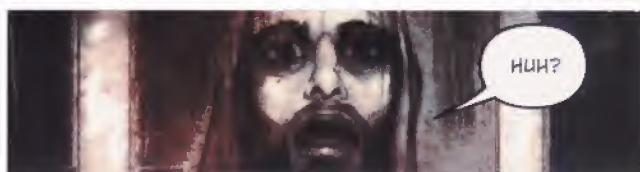








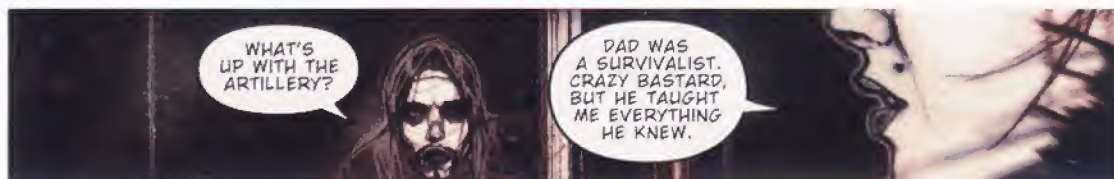
YEAH,  
OKAY. THERE  
YOU GO.



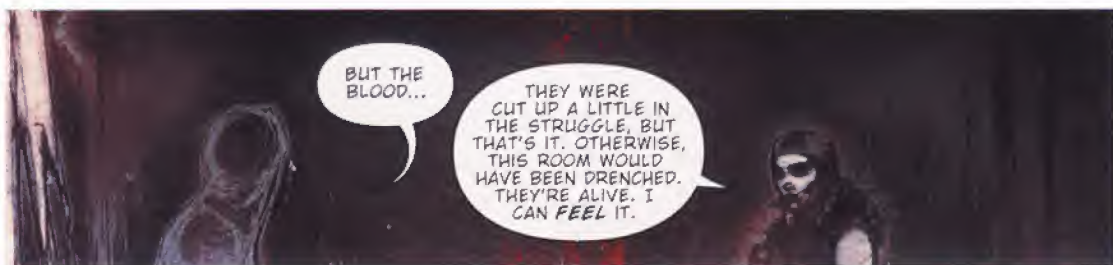
HUH?











BUT THE  
BLOOD...

THEY WERE  
CUT UP A LITTLE IN  
THE STRUGGLE, BUT  
THAT'S IT. OTHERWISE,  
THIS ROOM WOULD  
HAVE BEEN DRENCHED.  
THEY'RE ALIVE. I  
CAN *FEEL* IT.



AND WE  
*NEVER* LEAVE A  
WOMAN BEHIND.



SORRY  
I DIDN'T  
BELIEVE YOU  
BEFORE. BUT  
RIGHT NOW, *WE*  
NEED TO KNOW  
WHAT *YOU*  
KNOW.

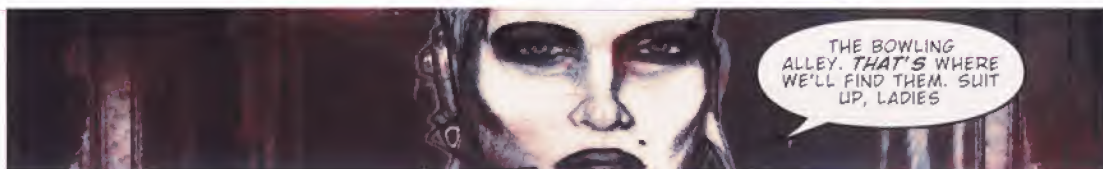
WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?



YOU'VE  
BEEN HERE A  
YEAR, ACCORDING  
TO WHAT I COULD  
PIECE  
TOGETHER FROM  
THOSE MAGAZINE  
ARTICLES.

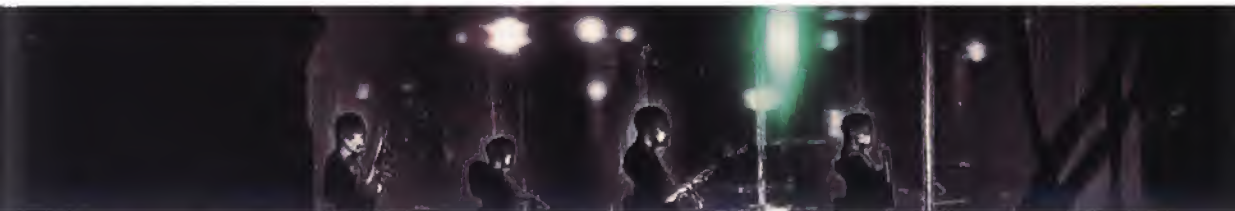
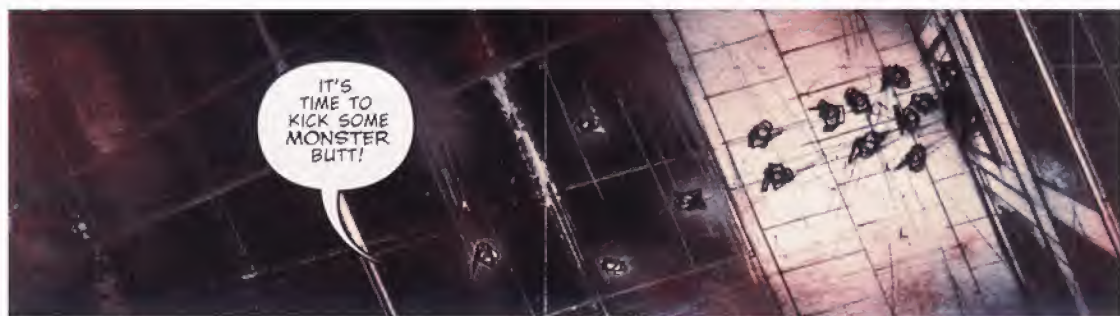
YOU SHOULD  
KNOW WHERE THEIR  
LAIRS ARE, THE BEST  
TIME OF DAY TO GO OUT,  
THE WORST TIME. WHAT  
AREAS OF TOWN TO  
AVOID, WHAT ARE THEIR  
STRENGTHS, THEIR  
WEAKNESSES...

THERE *ARE*  
A COUPLE OF SPOTS  
THEY ALWAYS KEEP  
ME AWAY FROM...  
CLOSEST ONE IS THE  
BOWLING ALLEY.

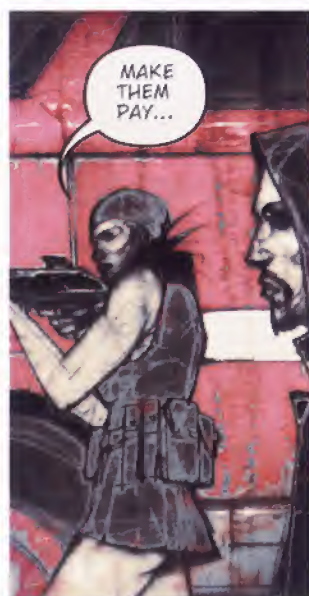
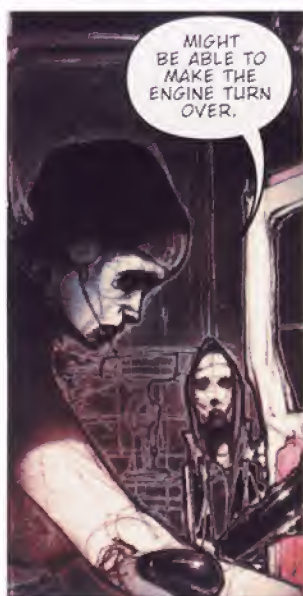


THE BOWLING  
ALLEY. *THAT'S* WHERE  
WE'LL FIND THEM. SUIT  
UP, LADIES













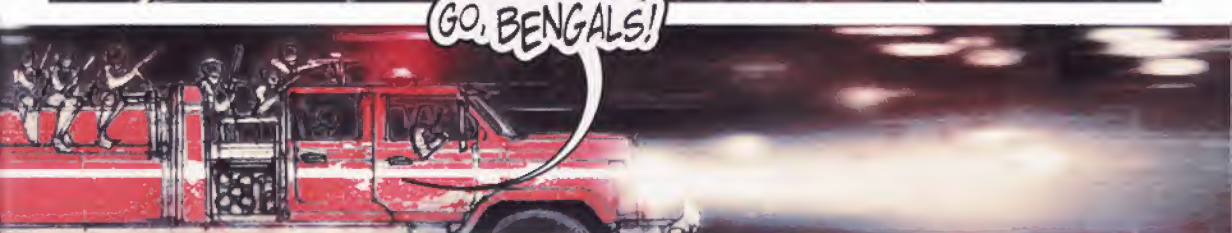








GO, BENGALS!  
GO, BENGALS!



THUNK



WOO WOO!

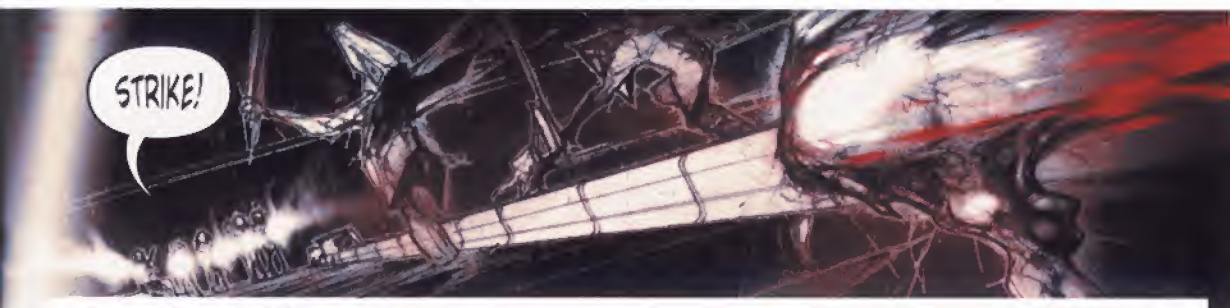


GO,  
BENGALS!



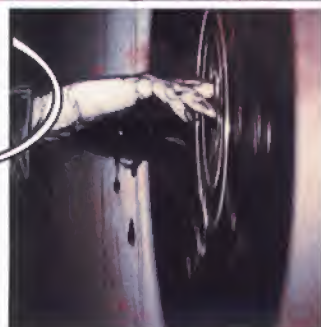






THIS IS  
CRAZY, FUCKIN'  
CRAZY, YO.  
CAN'T POSSIBLY  
WORK...

DAMN.



COME  
ON!

WHAT  
THE—











THEY'RE  
HERE. THEY  
FOLLOWED  
US!

RAHHRRRRRR



BAM  
BAM



SHIT



DON'T  
WORRY. IF IT  
COMES TO IT, I'M  
SAVING THE LAST  
TWO BULLETS  
FOR US.

UH,  
YEAH, THAT'S  
SWELL.

HEY...





THE  
PAINTINGS!  
TORCH THE  
PAINTINGS!



PHHH



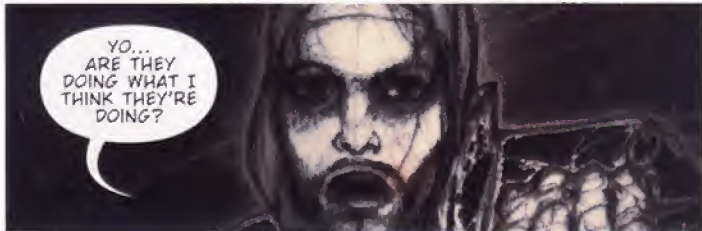
PHAAAM



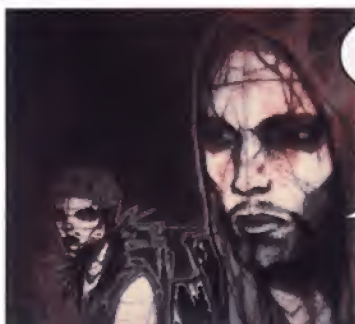








YO...  
ARE THEY  
DOING WHAT I  
THINK THEY'RE  
DOING?



JEEZ, THIS  
IS HELL... THEY'RE  
WORKING STRAIGHT  
JOBS!

THERE'S  
JUST ONE  
WAY TO DEAL  
WITH SHIT  
LIKE THIS.

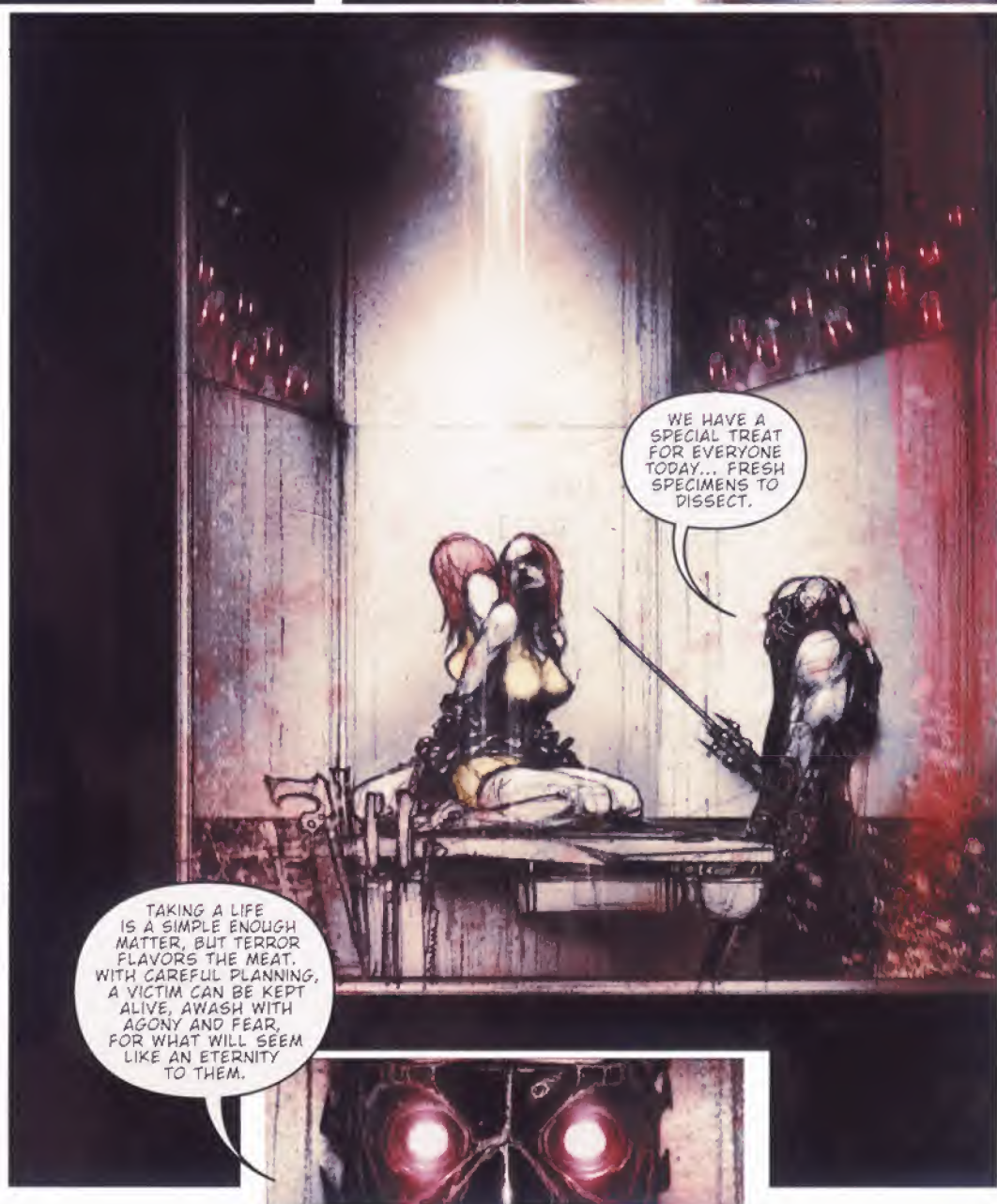


AVOID  
IT.





PLEASE,  
NO...



WE HAVE A  
SPECIAL TREAT  
FOR EVERYONE  
TODAY... FRESH  
SPECIMENS TO  
DISSECT.

TAKING A LIFE  
IS A SIMPLE ENOUGH  
MATTER, BUT TERROR  
FLAVORS THE MEAT.  
WITH CAREFUL PLANNING,  
A VICTIM CAN BE KEPT  
ALIVE, AWASH WITH  
AGONY AND FEAR,  
FOR WHAT WILL SEEM  
LIKE AN ETERNITY  
TO THEM.



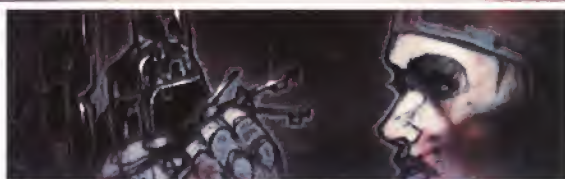








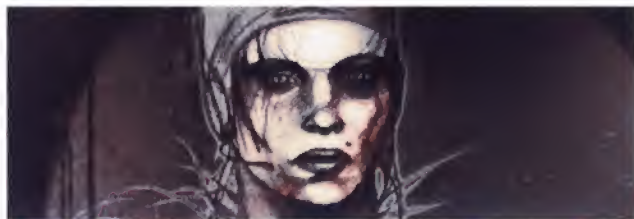
BUT... DO YOU REALLY GOTTA EAT EVERY SORRY MOTHERFUCKER THAT COMES THROUGH HERE?













GO BENGALS!  
GO BENGALS! WOO-  
WOO! GO BENGALS!



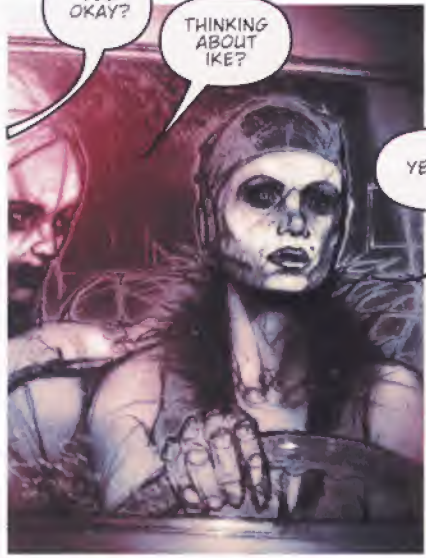
WE  
MADE IT.  
WE'RE OUT  
OF THERE.

AND  
WE'RE STILL  
IN TIME FOR THE  
COMPETITION!



YOU  
OKAY?

THINKING  
ABOUT  
IKE?



YEAH...



YEAH...

DON'T  
WORRY,  
C.



BEFORE  
YOU KNOW IT,  
THERE'LL BE SO  
MUCH GOING ON,  
YOU WON'T EVEN  
REMEMBER HIS  
NAME.



WOO-  
WOO!



THE END







# SILENT HILL

## PAINT IT BLACK™

Writer Scott Ciencin (*Silent Hill: Dying Inside* and *Among the Damned*) and artist Shaun Thomas (*Silent Hill: Among the Damned*) return to bring you the tale of painter and semi-professional slacker Ike, who finds his dark muse in the mist-enshrouded, monster-infested reaches of Silent Hill. Then the sexy survivalist-trained, gun-toting cheerleader Cheryl and her teammates arrive to rock his world. Creatures attack, cheerleaders disappear, and the gloves come off! Will anything survive?

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horror  
videogame  
series!



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